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The Girl of the Mountains.

[CONTINUED.]

"SIR, (answered Adelaide,) I am inexpressibly grieved that you should have thought this visit necessary; my sentiments I frankly avowed when I saw you last; they have undergone no change since. I am, however, dependent on my father; he is now applied to, and his judgment will in a great measure decide me."

Don Diego and the Count returned, both appeared a little ruffled, but the latter thus addressed his daughter;—"My child, this nobleman has done us the honour to make the most advantageous proposals for your future aggrandizement; riches and honour await you, if you will accept the hand of Don Felix. I cannot, I will not influence your choice; convinced of your judgment, relying on your principles, if you can forgive an atrocious attempt, if you can pardon insults, I certainly shall follow your lead. One thing let me tell you, that your decision may be the more unbiassed; that, if you think proper to accept the hand of any nobleman in Spain, your country shall be mine; I will dispose of my estates in France, and wherever my child resides, that will be my home.

"My dear father, (exclaimed she,) how my heart thanks you! I will deserve the confidence placed in me; but will not my amiable and best friends, (added she, turning to the Marchioness and Governor,) will not you speak your sentiments on this important occasion?"

"No, my love, (said the Marchioness,) I cannot speak; I am interested for your happiness, and on that point you only are qualified to judge. Whatever rank you hold, wherever you reside, or whatever new attachments you form, my love and esteem will invariably follow you."

"Forgive me, madam, (said the Governor, endeavouring to suppress his visible emotions,) I am not entitled to have a voice in a point so delicate; I have no wishes but for your personal happiness, and have that full confidence in your discernment of merit, which it is possible will sometimes be obscured by temporary indiscretions, that your choice will stamp unquestionable worth on the happy man, and the approbation of your friends cannot fail to be added."

Adelaide bowed with an animated countenance; then, addressing Don Felix with a more composed air,—Your unexpected visit, this day, has called upon me to make an election, which, from my youth, and recent recovery of a much beloved parent, I have wished to postpone for some time longer, but pressed thus on all sides to decide on a point of such infinite importance, permit me to declare the causes which so strongly influenced me to give a positive negative to your addresses when I had the honour of a visit last.

"I am free to own, the duplicity of your conduct to a worthless woman, first stamped an unfavourable impression on my mind. —Your subsequent behaviour added to the colouring: you judged of others' principles from your own; they were erroneous, and could not shake mine.

"I will own that it is not without some pain that I must declare to you, sir, (addressing Don Diego, and the others separately) to your good lady, and to the kind and generous Isabella, that, however I am sensible of your unmerited condescension and favourable opinion, I never can, I never will give my hand to a man whose principles I have no dependence on,—whose heart I think variable, and whose affection can confer neither honour nor happiness—I am vexed to be called upon to a repetition of sentiments before declared, and with which Don Felix ought to have been satisfied, and have spared you the trouble of a fruitless application."

Don Diego rose,—"You see, sir, (said he, haughtily, to Don Felix, to what your follies have exposed us. It now becomes you to prove by a proper spirit, that you are reformed from principle, and not undeserving the honour so peremptorily refused."

"I beg your pardon, my lord, (said Don Felix to his father,) for giving you this unnecessary trouble; it will be the last on such an occasion. I also entreat forgiveness of the whole company;—of you, madam, in particular, and, whether from pride or principle, you have rejected the solicitations of my family, I feel that I owe it to them, to shew that their son inherits some portion of their spirit, and henceforth will cease to trouble you any more on a subject so unpleasant to all parties.—My lord, I attend you."

With little ceremony they took leave of the Marchioness, and departed. It was easy to see, by the agitations of Don Felix, that rage and offended pride were his predominant passions at that time, for he had not the smallest idea that an application from his father could be rejected. When he had quitted the Governor's house on the first visit, he hastened home, and a very violent fever for some time gave them serious apprehensions for his life. It was then Don Diego began to relax in the haughty dignity which had despised Adelaide.

A private messenger was dispatched to make enquiries at Estella, and report soon informed him that the Count de Beauvais was the father of this supposed degraded daughter.

Yielding, therefore, to the the tears and entreaties of Donna Maria, unacquainted with the most atrocious part of her son's conduct, (for he had too much honour to encourage the seduction of an innocent girl) with reluctance he at length consented to take the journey, and solicit her father's consent, never doubting but her's would follow, and that a match so advantageous would be gladly accepted.

Adelaide was extremely hurt by their abrupt departure; she wished to have the company of Isabella, and she saw, in the expression of her eyes, that the young lady met her wishes, at least half-way; but she was not permitted to have them gratified, and a few hasty, though kind adieus separated them for ever.

The Marchioness warmly embraced her young friend. "I will not tell you all I think of your behaviour:—you are really an extraordinary young creature. Well may your father be proud of such a daughter.

"Surely, said Adelaide, smiling, there is no merit in refusing a man we do not love, nor rejecting the offers of a fortune we cannot want, and it is possible that I may prefer remaining with you to all the brilliant offers that Don Felix can hold out."

"If you are sincere, my dearest Adelaide I shall be the happiest of women."

"Well then, said she, that remains to be tried. I have refused the man I did not like, and perhaps a retaliation awaits me, for I confess, there is——" She stopped involuntarily.

The Governor, who had been in a profound reverie, leaning his head on his arm, was startled by his sister's exclamation of—"How! you—is it possible!—have you deceived me thus long?"

"No, indeed, replied Adelaide, I have not deceived you, but rather have deceived myself; for, until this day, I did not perfectly know my own heart."

"Until this day! repeated the Marchioness; explain yourself."

"Well, then, returned she, blushing and hesitating, the man of my choice is he who this day so generously preferred my happiness to his own, who even——"

"Great God! exclaimed the Governor, interrupting her, what do I hear! this day! —Take care, Adelaide, take care what you say." He had started from his seat, and stood with his hand lifted to his head, inexpressibly agitated.

"Yes, my dear Governor, said she, yes I repeat my words. When poor and dependent, I was too humble to love,—too proud to be obliged by a generosity I did not deserve. Experience has opened my eyes to the matchless worth of the most liberal and disinterested of men, and if that hand you once solicited, now frankly offered, can add to your happiness, believe me, I shall find mine in the power of bestowing it."

The Marchioness clasped her in her arms. The Governor sprung to her, caught her hand, kissed it with rapture, unable for a moment to speak; then turning to her father, "O sir, tell me, do not I deceive myself?"

"No, replied the Count; with joy I ratify the gift she has made you: dearest Don Lopez, with the highest transport I embrace you as my son."

Meanwhile Adelaide, who had really exerted herself to bestow this unexpected delight beyond her own powers to support, fell into a fit of trembling, that ended in a flood of tears, which obliged the Marchioness to take her into another apartment.

When the Governor had calmed the violence of his agitations, and finding her gone, he began to fear it had been the illusion of his senses; the Count however soon satisfied him on that head, and he was all joy and exultation.

The remainder of the day was passed in such delightful harmony of spirits, as gave more than a promise of enjoying the happiness they expected in the society of each other. Adelaide's feelings were however the most gratifying; they resulted from the purest of af all sensations,—that of bestowing happiness on all her friends.

The Count being impatient to make his journey into France, and dispose of his property there, was rather inclined to wish his Adelaide might be united to the worthy Don Lopez before his departure. The Governor's wishes kept pace with his, but he presumed not to mention them, lest he might be thought indelicate and importunate.

That evening, the Governor for the first time, being alone with Adelaide, had an opportunity of speaking to her without reserve on the subject nearest to his heart. Conscious of the disparity in their ages, and thinking humbly of his person and talents, he seemed thorougly persuaded, that, to what she deemed justice and gratitude, he was chiefly, if not solely indebted for the declaration in his favour; and he frankly told her so.

She was very desirous to remove every doubt from his mind, and therefore candidly explained the nature of her setiments.—"From the earliest stage of our acquaintance, sir, I felt the warmest esteem and respect for you; the attentions I was honoured with, proved the generosity and goodness of your heart. Many reasons, with which you are now acquainted, induced me to decline such offers as were flattering to any woman, much more to one situated as I was.

"Young, and unacquainted with the world, I was persuaded the sentiments I felt fell far short of that affection which ought to precede an union for life. Another motive influenced me, which I will relate without reserve.

"You have heard me mention poor Lewis in the cavern, for whose fate I felt greatly interested: he often occupied my tho'ts.

"When Lesare told me Lewis had never stained his hands with blood, I felt a sentiment of joy; his recovery gave me much pleasure, and during the persecutions of Don Felix, I have frequently thought how far preferable was this youth in the cavern, to that man of rank and fortune; yet, during all this contrariety of ideas, my heart and judgment acknowledged your superior virtues; but it was not a sentiment of tenderness; it was the conviction of reason.

"The arrival of my father has caused much alteration in those sentiments; the account he gave of Lewis still interested me; but, when he declined the promised confidence, and gave intimation of his unworthiness, I was convinced an impropriety of conduct must have made him an associate with robbers, and that, however he was entitled to my compassion, I could not, consistent with duty, feel for him any thing more. Various occurrences have lately taught me to investigate my heart more closely. Your silent devoirs, your unexampled generosity and disinterestedness, when your happiness, I well knew, would be the sacrifice, at once assured me, that the man, who so readily gave up the wishes of his heart, to the interest of the object, and without a single complaint, persisted in every act of generosity and kindness, without an apparent possibility of deriving the smallest benefit to himself—such a man had a soul of such superior worth, that all other objects in my knowledge sunk before him in the comparison.

"But my situation was altered, my father had an unquestionable right to dispose of me as he pleased; I had no idea that he would quit France, and I determined never to be separated from him. However, the occurrences of two eventful days, have at once reconciled duty, inclination, and every wish of my heart;—that heart I have no scruple to confess, is all your own. I still feel a sentiment of compassion, and an anxious wish to have the misfortunes of poor Lewis removed:—if he has been guilty, and repents, it becomes a duty to save and serve him; for it is evident I am much indebted to him, both for my father's preservation in the woods, and for the interest he has taken concerning me."

Adelaide had not spoken thus much without frequent pauses; but the Governor could not, nor would not once interrupt her.

Love, adoration, gratitude, and admiration gave him indescribable emotions. It is unnecessary to repeat the expressions resulting from them: every delicate and sensible mind will readily conceive the effusions of a heart like his must have been very gratifying to Adelaide. They returned to the company with such animated countenances, that every one shared in the general joy.

That evening the Count entreated his darling child to shorten the Governor's probation, and, at his request, she permitted him to fix the time;—that day week was framed to make them all happy. The Marchioness insisted upon having the ceremony performed at her house, and, at the request of Adelaide, promised to relinquish her design of living constantly in the country, and to make her chief residence in Estella.

Jewels and clothes of the most superb kind were ordered, and new furniture, to correspond with his desire of giving every possible consequence to his intended bride.

The following day Adelaide gave her hand to the transported Don Lopez, to the infinite satisfaction of her friends, and without any reluctance on her side.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Plan of Female Education.

No. VIII.

"Experience," says the old proverb, "is the best teacher:" This is universally admitted, yet is it not strange that teachers may be found, who have grown grey in that employment without advancing a single step? like the horse at the mill, they have unceasingly persevered in the same dull track, without examining whether the methods embraced, were, or were not, calculated to produce the intended effects with ease.

Innovations are dangerous and ought to be avoided, is the argument ever made use of, by these lovers of ancient modes and customs, and it certainly deserves to be so far attended unto, as to cause every person who attempts to improve on any system, examine carefully and weigh accurately, every proposed amendment.

As soon as the class in which our Eliza is placed, has gone the length of pronouns, the teacher ought to begin daily examinations, of what has been already committed to memory; in a few lessons he will find that his little pupils will be able to distinguish the articles, describe some of their plainest uses, and to mark out the cases, number, gender, and person of nouns; and undoubtedly this will encourage him to proceed through the grammar in this method. The teacher will however, often meet with children so dull in apprehension, that after many lessons, perceiving little, or no improvement, he will begin to despond—but in all such cases, he would do well to remember, that though the pupil be dull, yet part of the child's want of apprehension is owing to the tutor's want of abilities, to properly address the child's understanding.

The docility of one, above that of another, may be attributed in a great measure to this source: Let the tutor only convey his meaning to the child, and the difficulty will vanish—whilst the pupil remains ignorant of the teacher's intention, she will look at him with an eye, stupid, and devoid of meaning, called very properly, the "vacant look;" but as soon as the definition is understood, the eye brightens, it sparkles with intelligence, and the whole countenance casts off the studious gloom with which it was clouded. From this consideration, the teacher ought to be induced to perseverance, and, when it is considered that animals, even apparently the most stupid, have become the most tractable, by being treated in an ingenious and masterly manner, are they not very culpable, who from their not possessing the proper faculty of reaching the intelligence of any of their pupils, cease to strive, and give up the child as unteachable, when at least the blame should be equally divided. Again one child's reasoning power, buds out soon, and quickly grows to maturity; whilst another's progresses very slowly, is long of ripening, but generally when arrived at full growth, is very strong—The intelligent teacher therefore will still persist, and if opportunity be afforded him will very seldom, if ever, miss his aim.

Parsing, if I may be allowed the expression, is the life of grammar; the child should begin it soon, and continue at it for some time, say half an hour every day—I would wish my Eliza to begin her parsing in the following manner:

If there be a number of young Misses who can begin along with her, so much the better; let a class be formed and a single line marked out in some book which all of them have: the teacher, or one or two of the upper class must first parse it very distinctly, mentioning all the rules, if need be; this must be repeated two or three times, then the first of the young class must attempt it, then the next, and so on to the last, persisting day after day in this practice, and constantly praising and promoting them who excel—in a short time even the dullest in the class will parse with much facility.

As our little pupil acquires a knowledge of grammar, she must attend to reading now, more accurately than heretofore; she must be taught to understand what she reads, and to lay in a stock of words, some approved Dictionary, should be put into her hands, and the meaning of every word in her lesson ought to be well known, if this precaution be not used, if she be permitted to read any author, without distinctly ascertaining his meaning, she will contract a very dangerous habit of contenting herself with only a confused idea, and, if not timeously cured of this pernicious practice, will never become an accurate scholar. "What is well begun," says the old proverb, "is half ended," and perhaps the truth of this adage can never be more clearly seen, than in our systems of education,—if no radical errors are permitted to exist; if the child be led in a proper path, if she be encouraged in difficulties and drawn by the cords of love, if her reason be more addressed, and her feelings less, it will be found that grammar will become her most pleasing study, and I am well convinced, it is the most profitable.

A Friend to the Fair Sex.

THE TRAVELLER.

[The following story exhibits some pleasing traits of character in an honest English squire; and one hardly knows whether most to admire his honest bluntness, or to pity his simplicity, which involved him in so many difficulties. It is given by a correspondent, not as original, but as what may amuse the reader.]

DURING the summer of last year, occasion—no matter what, called an honest English squire to take a journey to Petersburgh

Untravelled, and unknowing, he provided himself with no *passport*; his business concerned himself alone, and what have foreign nations to do with him?

His route lay through the states of different powers;—he landed in Holland—passed the usual examination; but insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was questioned and detained a short time; but appearing to be incapable of design, he was at length permitted to pursue his journey.

To the officer of the guard who had detained him, he made frequent complaints of the loss he might sustain by the delay—the officer, after a long pause, slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke:—"Mynheer," says he, "when "you first set your foot on the land of the "Seven United Provinces, you should have "declared you came thither on affairs of "commerce,"—and replacing his pipe, relapsed into immoveable taciturnity.

Released from his unsociable companion, he the next day arrived at a French post, where the centinel of the advanced guard, requested the honour of his permission to ask for his passport; on his failing to produce any, he was entreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting him to the commandant; but it was his *duty*, and he must, however reluctantly, perform it.

Monsieur le commandant received him with pompous politeness; he made the usual inquiries, and our traveller determined to avoid the error which had produced such inconvenience, replied, "that commercial concerns drew him to the continent."

"*Ma foi*," says the commandant, "*c'est un negotiant, un bourgeois;*"—take him away to the guard-house, we will examine him to-morrow—at present we must dress for *le comédie; Allons.*" Our traveller swore it was uncivil, unfriendly and ungenerous; five hundred Frenchmen might travel thro' Great Britain without a question; they never questioned any stranger in Great Britain, nor stopped him—nor imprisoned him—nor guarded him.

"Monsieur" says the centinel, as he conducted him to the guard-room, you

should not have mentioned commerce to *Mons. le commandant*—no gentleman in France disgraces himself with trade—we despise traffic. You should have informed *Mons. le commandant*, that you entered the dominions of the king of the French, to improve in *singing* or in *dancing*, or in *dressing*; arms are the profession of a man of fashion. He had the honour of passing the night with a French guard, and the next day was dismissed.

Proceeding on his journey, he fell in with a detachment of *German chasseurs*,—they demanded his name, quality and business;—he said he came to *dance*, to *sing*, and to *dress*. "He is a Frenchman," said the corporal; "a spy," cries the serjeant!—he was directed to mount behind a dragoon, and carried to the next Municipal town.

There he was soon discharged, but not without a word of advice—"We Germans," said the officer, "eat, drink, and smoke; these are our favourite employments—and had you informed the dragoons you followed no other business, you would have saved them, and yourself, infinite trouble."

In the Prussian dominions his examination was more strict;—and, on answering, that his only designs were to eat, drink, and smoke—"To eat! drink! and to smoke!" exclaimed the officer, with astonishment. "Sir, you must be forwarded to Potsdam—*war* is the only business of mankind."

The king having learned the character of our traveller, ordered a passport to be made out for him, observing, "It is an "ignorant, and innocent Englishman!—"the English are unacquainted with mili-"tary duties, so let him pass on."

Being arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he flattered himself, his troubles were at an end; but he reckoned without his host. "Your business in Poland?" interrogated the officer. I really don't know, sir.—"Not know your business, sir," resumed the officer, "I must conduct you "to the Starost."

"For the love of God," says the wearied traveller, "take pity on me. I have "been imprisoned in Holland for desiring "to keep my own affairs to myself.—I "have been confined all night in a French "guard-house, for declaring myself a mer-"chant. I have been compelled to ride "seven miles behind a German dragoon, "for professing myself a man of pleasure I "have been carried fifty miles a prisoner "in Prussia, for owning my attachment to "ease and good living.

"If you will have the goodness to let "me know how I may render such an ac-"count of myself as not to give offence, I "shall ever consider you as my friend and "protector." St. J. JOURN.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

——"Pray buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!" said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the corner of the hay-market. I turned hastily, and beheld a girl of fourteen; whose drapery, though ragged, was clean; and whose form was such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without a covering, was white as snow; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion: her eyes, dark and intelligent, were shaded by loose ringlets of raven black, and poured their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of very long lashes. On one arm hung a basket full of roses, and the other was stretched out towards me with one of the rose buds. I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out some silver.——"Take this, my pretty girl, (said I, putting it into her's,) and may that God, who is the Father of the fatherless, be the preserver of your existence, and your virtue!—Virtuous poverty is no crime."

I was turning from her, when she suddenly caught my withdrawn hand; and, putting it to her lips, burst into a flood of tears. The action, and the look which accompanied it, touched my soul; it melted to the artless gratitude of this poor 'Flower Girl,' and a tear of sympathy dropped from my cheek. "Forgive me, sir, (said she, recovering from her transport, while a sweet blush diffused itself over her lovely face:) "my heart was full of what it could not express—Nature impelled me to so free an action. You will pardon the effect it had on me, when I tell you they were the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth—" A sob interrupted her discourse; she stopped, and wept silently; then, raising up her face from the hand on which she had laid it—"O, sir! I have no father!—no mother!—no relation!—Alas! I have no friend in the world!" Choaked with her emotions, she was silent for a moment before she could proceed—"My only friend is God! on Him I rely; I submit to his will; I only pray that I may support, with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience! To Him, kind sir, this heart shall always pray for you.—May that God for ever protect you!" added she, dropping a curtsey full of humility and native grace, as she retired. I returned her benediction, and went on—

"And can I thus leave this poor creature?" said I, as I walked pensively on; "Can I leave her for ever without emotion? What have I done for her that can entitle me to her prayers?—Preserved her a few days from death—but that is all. And shall I quit thee, fair flower, to see thee no more?—to be blown down by the rude blast of adversity!—to be cropped by some cruel spoiler!—to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow!—No! thou hast been reared on some happier bank; thou hast been nurtured by the sweet tears of maternal affection; thou hast once blushed beneath the chearing sun of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom again!" I turned as I spoke; my heart beat with its sweet purpose. I saw the beautiful Flower Girl before me;—I approached—I caught her hand—the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips—

"Come, thou lovely deserted girl! come and add one more to the happy group who call me father.—Their home shall be thine: thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught with them that virtue their father tries to practise!" She stopped me; her eyes flashed with a frantic joy: she flung herself on her knees before me, and burst into a flood of rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms—I hushed her eloquent gratitude—I led her to a home of happiness and piety. She loves my children, she loves their father; and the poor Orphan of the Hay-market is now the Wife of my Son!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

INDIFFERENCE TO PUBLIC OPINION.

"I've heard of men who did'nt care a fly
"What the world said respecting them or their's:
"But who'd believe them?"

WE believe there are some, who *say* they are independent of the world; have nothing to expect or fear from any but themselves: that the thoughts, opinions, and observations of those around them have not the least effect on their conduct; and produce no alteration in their principles. The poisonous tale of slander, like the harmonious strain of praise, strikes as an empty sound on the tympanum of their ear. Rejection is a spring in the mental machine (if we may be allowed the expression) too strong to admit any thing to take effect but what is generated by self. A conscious assurance of acting right, and a belief that they are the best judges of the manner most suitable for themselves, urge to this internal reliance. They forget that the world is a family, wherein an uniformity of manners, and fraternal sym-

pathy is necessary for our own, and the public's felicity.

These thoughts intrude not in the hour of declamation, however they may in the calm moments of reflection. These cold, if not foolish reasoners, pass a circle of foes as a collection of friends—nothing expecting, and nothing fearing:—this they would have you believe. It is an idea they spend their lives to enforce; and bearing a thousand pains, they flatter themselves the world will set them down as independent characters: whereas history records them—insensible beings.

Nature and reason teach us the impossibility of indifference, even in the most minute occurrences of life:—nor is there any thing which falls within the inspection of our senses, but receives an assent or disapprobation. The mind, ever active, opening and disjointing, examining and concluding, suffer nothing to pass its ordeal, without a mark of satisfaction or dislike. We see, hear, smell, feel, and taste, with some degree of pleasure or disgust. In vain is it to cheat ourselves with the notion that we are at times indifferent: no doubt, but there are certain seasons when the signs of pleasure and displeasure are so faint as to make a feeble impression. This we allow, yet that things which refer to our character and opinions, should meet with a cold reception from the person aimed at, is an idea in itself absurd and ridiculous. You may as well inform us light or darkness is equally grateful to the benighted traveller; or, that heat and cold affect in like manner, the muscular system.

Cynical souls may write what they please:—may endeavour to act according to their assertions; but believe us, no one in his senses, will ever declare that he feels indifferent to the opinion of the world. With the hopes of being registered on the page of oddity, many advance sentiments foreign to their belief: others in reason undeserving of attention, and fearful of meeting their deserts, separate themselves from society, like the villain, who commits suicide, to escape the gallows.

We who offer our sentiments to the reader, are far from professing a belief in this *verbal philosophy*; but "feelingly alive," present this piece with the affection of a parent:—truly anxious, and reasonably fearful of their merit and reception.

Ambition, and the love of praise, are ingredients too powerful in the composition of man ever to be ineffective. *Prudence* may put her hands on her ears, when the silver trumpet is blown, but will be careful that the appertures of her fingers *gently* admit the sound. The astronomer studies the motion of the heavenly bodies—to have his name recorded on the page of history, and his discoveries gazed at by the wondering eye of posterity. The face may put on an air of indifference, when our good and bad actions are recounted; but the mind is far from being at rest, and rapture or revenge, run trilling through our veins. Such a susceptibility pervades our nature; such a wish for commendation:—such a dread of ill, that stupidity itself, awakens at reproach: virtue, reason, and philosophy, are children of frailty, and admirers of PRAISE. B.

Adventures in a Castle.

An Original Story.

(CONCLUDED.)

ALL conception from this moment failed me, and, upon returning to life, I found myself on a bed in a cell, similar to that in which I had been confined. I was attended by some of the ruffians, whose motives for their present attention I could not scan. Whether they were actuated by humanity, or whether remorse had stung the villain who had attempted my assassination, I could not tell, tho' from what knowledge of their dispositions I had gathered from painful experience, I rather supposed it was the reproaches of conscience, not yet grown callous by repeated acts of barbarity. To whatever cause their conduct was to be attributed, whether to sensations of remorse, or the dictates of compassion, I was soon convinced the sentiment was short-lived, and had expired with returning animation; for soon as I had emerged from the state of insensibility into which I had fallen, their assiduities gradually decreased, and my only assistance was in the strength of my constitution, which safely bore me through the strange vicissitudes of my fate. My convalescence was tedious and painful; I had lost a considerable quantity of blood, which occasioned extraordinary debility, and my wound was deep. I had received the dagger of the assassin in my breast, and surely it is to be attributed to the intervention of my guardian angel, that I escaped the impending destruction. My debility was so extreme, that my guards did not think it necessary to secure the door with more fastenings than a simple bolt, which was in itself ample security; for my strength and ardour were too much exhausted, to make an attempt to regain my liberty, had the fairest prospect been opened before me.

At length the ability of my only nurse, "Dame Nature," restored me by the genial influence of sleep (the enjoyment of which was a pleasure I had not for some time been gratified with) to the blessings of health. I had scarcely retrieved the possession of this glorious blessing, which had been so long banished from me, when the royal troops encompassed the castle, to avenge my wrongs on the author of all my misfortunes. I longed for an opportunity to join the detachment, and assert my own cause,—my ardour disdained to be confined within the circumscribed limits of my prison, but my power would not second the inspiration. The tardy hours seemed to have almost ceased to revolve, my heart was with my brother, but my arms, which ought to have been extended, to hurl the bolt of vengeance on the heads of my oppressors, were imprisoned within the walls of the hateful castle. At length arrived the night of horror, when the polluted walls of the castle, which screened the guilty ruffians from the hands of justice, tottered to their foundations; when the "cloud-cap't towers" trembled with the intensity of the heat, and threatened ruin to all beneath them. I had notice of the commencement of the conflagration, by the gleams of light which illuminated the horizon, and rendered "darkness visible." A horrible death was now before me, and the innate principle, inherent in the breast of man, that of self-preservation, induced me to examine the door of my apartment. But the faint hope, that some one actuated by humanity, might have left it unsecured, vanished. The flames gradually increased, and already enveloped the towering ramparts, when the bustle in the castle announced some uncommon attempt to escape the devouring element, which was making rapid strides to involve the whole of the inhabitants in one common destruction. Abhorring a death so painful as was presented to me, I endeavoured to loosen the bars with which the window was secured, and alight on the battlements. The urgency of my situation inspired me with uncommon strength.—I succeeded in the attempt to escape from the window, and reached the battlements in safety. I was now nearly at the summit of the castle, and all below me was involved in smoke, from which at intervals the flames would burst forth, and aspire to the highest turrets. Perseverance and composure, aided by my exertions, surmounted every obstacle, and I at length reached the ground, with only a trifling burn I received as I rushed through the flames. Thus, my kind and compassionate friends, you have heard the

whole of my unfortunate story in detail, and situated as I now am, surrounded by those who endear existence to me, I defy all the storms of fate, and the frowns of fortune. Hope befriends me, and whispers to my heart, That happiness shall again be mine."

Tranquillity being thus restored to the family of Dupont and his wards, whom he regarded with parental love, the chateau was re-occupied, and Louis made an excursion to the Castle de Alencon, where he was received with an unaffected welcome. No obstacle recurring to oppose his wish, to pay his addresses to the lovely Antoinette, he took the first opportunity of a secret interview, to offer his heart and hand to her acceptance. Free from affectation, Mademoiselle de Lantz avowed a reciprocal attachment, and soon as the period of mourning, which the laws of etiquette required, for her brother's death, had expired, they were united in the silken bands of marriage.

The Duke with rapture beheld the happiness his beloved children enjoyed, and, through his influence with the King, the succession to his titles and estates, were settled upon Louis.

The humane Surgeon, of whom honourable mention has been made, had only one surviving daughter, whose charms made an impression on the susceptible heart of Henry Boileau, that was not to be effaced. The attachment was mutual, and much to the satisfaction of their friends, whose intimacy would be cemented by their union.

Large additions were made to the Chateau, and in this delightful retirement, far distant from the busy and tumultuous scenes of life, the Duke of Alencon, Mons. Berton, Louis (now Count de Vauban) his brother Henry, and the venerable Mons. Dupont, with their respective families, passed the remainder of their lives, in the enjoyment of a greater portion of felicity, than is the usual lot of mankind. No tales of woe, no descriptive scenes of carnage and bloodshed, ever disturbed their tranquillity, but possessing within themselves inexhaustible resources of amusement, they lived insulated from the rest of mankind. No foe to domestic tranquillity, ever passed their threshold, no intestine uneasines inhabited their retirement, but as far as possible for humanity, they enjoyed *permanent and unalloyed happiness.*

HAVING brought this story to a close, it may not be superfluous to account for the author's adding this to the multitude of similar trifles, with which the literary world abounds. He is confident, that attempts of this kind, are productive of nothing but amusement, and are frequently barren even of this. Tales, (unless moral,) novels, and romances, are justly considered as weeds in the garden of literature, which prevent the growth of, and attract the attention from, more useful productions. To drive away the *monster ennùi*, to pass away those hours of leisure, which fall to the lot of every one, and to derive from it amusement, were the motives by which he was actuated. He does not pretend that it inculcates any new moral, but if he may be exonerated from censure, in increasing the number of works of this kind, if it has conduced to the amusement of any, he is satisfied. Approbation he does not court, but to incur censure he has strove to avoid, and he hopes that this tale will find refuge in its insignificance, from the penetrating eye of criticism. JULIUS.

[JULIUS is entitled to the thanks of the editor, for the punctuality with which he has forwarded the copy of the Adventures in a Castle.—That the literary world abounds with trifles of this kind is true; and this, no doubt, in some measure, forms a criterion by which to judge of the taste of the age; tho' a taste for this kind of reading, is not, perhaps, peculiar to the present one. The story under consideration inculcates a moral, if not new, yet good—Avarice, stimulating to treachery and a variety of vicious acts, in the person of the Count de Vauban, meets with deserved punishment; while the innocent objects of his horrid persecution, are extricated from his cruel fangs, and finally brought to the enjoyment of more perfect domestic felicity, than they would otherwise probably have attained, had it not been for those very circumstances to which his machinations gave birth—corroborating a divine truth, that the wicked are often snared in their own devices. The reader will also observe, (and it does credit to the writer,) that the the language is free from those passionate exclamations, that often insinuate a degree of profanity into the mind, and with which tales and novels frequently abound. Should Julius continue his correspondence, as he has hinted to the editor may be the case, he will always meet with merited attention.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Modern Trifler.

NO. I.

A TRIFLE UPON TRIFLES IN GENERAL.

"HOLLOA! what have we got now?" methinks I hear some self-important splenetic critic cry out—"Trifles, indeed! as if we had not enough of them before—Aye, I see how it is; I see that friend *Hogan's* paper will go to the wall, if he fills it with such stuff. Dear me! how vitiated is the taste of the times. Why when I was a young man, and taking the tour of Europe, I never met with a person who presumed to write, unless he was well-born, a man of fortune, and master of the dead, and *some* of the living languages; whereas, now-a-days, every fellow that can hold a pen, from the farmer down to the shoe-black, scribbles away with as much assurance, as if he had the advantages of birth, fortune and education on his side—*O Tempora! O Mores!*—When will all this end?"——Pri'thee, good Reader, don't get into a passion about trifles: You know, that would be beneath the dignity of a man of birth, fortune, education, or philosophy: Therefore if you will compose your mind a little, and have but a trifling degree of patience, I will reward your complaisance with a long string of Trifles in the form of beads, of various colours, sizes, shapes, weights, values, &c. suitable for all ages, complexions, conditions, and tastes—afterwards I will satisfy your enquiries on the subject of scribblers.

But, to the present point—First, then, it is necessary to ascertain what a Trifle is; and secondly, to attach to it some definite and specific meaning, import, or power; which is not so easy a task as some people imagine. Were I to consult all the dictionaries extant; were I to ask of every individual I meet; I should find scarcely three definitions of it precisely to accord: For, altho' it is in almost every one's mouth, every one has that idea alone of it, which he thinks the best adapted to the occasion for which he uses it. And besides, we know that the meaning of words, and the force of language, change with the changes of the times and the revolutions of governments:

" Much phrase, that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
" And much shall die, that now is nobly liv'd;
" If Custom please, at whose disposing will,
" The pow'r and rule of speaking resteth still."

I shall, therefore, at present, wave all lexicographers and definition-gentry, and follow *Madam Custom*, as I find her in our day, although, like most of her sex, she is inclined to be a little tyrannical; leaving, however, to other people, as I ought to do, the liberty of forming opinions for themselves about Trifles, from the different incidents that hourly occur, and pass under that denomination. I will only premise, that by some folks they are considered as nothings; by others, as somethings; and by the same persons, either nothing or something, according to their subject-matter. They have also their natures, and their degrees of comparison, such as small, mere, merest Trifles; great, greater, greatest Trifles in the world, &c. but of all the Trifles I have ever heard or seen, I think the *serious trifle* is the most strange, as it seems

to be a contradiction in terms, and yet it is no more strange than its relations which go by the polite names of *serious fun* and *serious jokes*. I regret, that on account of the limits prescribed me, I have not room here to bestow my eulogium on this very respectable family, with whom I have the honour to be connected: I shall, however, do them the justly merited compliment of making them the subject of an ensuing number.

And, now, let us see whether Trifles are good for any thing, and what they are good for. DR. FRANKLIN (a kinsman of mine, and consequently a *Trifler*, because some modern fashionable literati say he had *no sense*) has observed, that *trifles are like straws; they at least shew us which way the wind blows*. Therefore to have even this trifling knowledge, is of some consequence to the mariner and the husbandman; and we will, by-and-by, shew, that applied to religion, morals, economics, and indeed to most affairs in life, trifles will be found, not only as of some consequence, but of a great deal. Nay, if I remember aright, the favourite Son of Nature, and great delineator of the human heart, has been of opinion, that

" *Trifles, light as air,*
" *Are to the jealous, confirmations strong*
" *As proofs from* HOLY WRIT."

But, gentle reader, lest you may think that I am trifling away your patience, as well as your and my time, I will cut this trifle short, by leaving for your reflection, a question or two, till you see me again—What have been all the mighty personages, who have made so much noise and bustle in the world, such as your kings, conquerors, heroes, philosophers, poets, critics, &c.? *Triflers*—What the greater part of their mighty deeds, achievements, honours, &c.? *Trifles*—What is this our world with all its goods and enjoyments, of which proud man calls himself the lord?—A compound of trifles—What are those whose heaven consists in such trifles?—Worse, if possible, than Triflers—And pray, Sir, Why may not you and I trifle in some way or other, with such illustrious examples before us? All that's in it is,—We should never trifle to the dishonour of our GOD, or our fellow creatures' reputation, nor to the disadvantage of ourselves, relations, friends, neighbours, country, government or religion. For my part, while ever I am actuated by the motive that arises out of this lesson, and steadily keep in view its laudable object, I shall continue to write MY TRIFLES, let the world say what it may: to me it will always be a pleasingly-consolatory reflection, that my time has been at least innocently employed.

TRISTRAM TRIFFLER.

ANECDOTE.

The Husband of an old woman in the parish of Claverton, England, being extremely ill, she affectionately tramped over to Bath, to seek advice of an eminent physician, who patiently heard her husband's case, remitted his fee, and gave her a prescription for a box of pills, IN IDONEO VEHICULO FUMENDÆ. This the old lady took to a druggist, who having dispensed it, wrote on the lable a literal translation of the direction, "to be taken in a proper vehicle." Returned to her cottage, she produced her treasure, and putting on her spectacles, perused the mandate annexed to the pill-box. All was perfectly intelligible, save the word 'vehicle,' which wholly transcending her knowledge of the English tongue, she applied to a neighbour, who fairly confessed herself in the same predicament, they agreed to consult the venerable and classical parson of the parish: who replied—A vehicle, my good friend, is QUIVUS VEHICULUS, a phæton, a landau, a curricle, or wheelbarrow." The last alone of these terms, was intelligible to the enquirers; who repairing homewards to the sick man's room, his wife says to him, "Come, John, thee must uppy."—"What vor?" answered the husband—"Come, come, don't thee make any words, but let me dress thee: thee must only take doctor's stuff, and then thee shalt go to bed again." So saying, she forcibly dressed the poor creature, whilst her companion went down stairs to prepare the 'vehicle:' into which, viz. a wheelbarrow, placed at the cottage-door, they conveyed the patient, whilst he swallowed the pills; and afterwards restored him with equal precision to his bed.

Wants Employ,

A YOUNG MAN who can be well recommended for honesty sobriety and attention—writes a tolerable hand, and understands accounts—has been formerly in a dry good store. A line addressed to G. M. and left at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository, will be immediately attended to.

JUNE 20th.

PHILADELPHIA,
JUNE 20th, 1801.

Hail! hallow'd wedlock, first of blessings giv'n
In smiling Eden, by all-bounteous heav'n,
O'er all the human race extend thy sway;
But teach us first thy precepts to obey.
As kindred elements with kindred join,
So kindred souls with kindred should combine:
Congenial minds alone true bliss can prove,
And harmony alone's the bliss of love.

MARRIED.....In this City.....On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Jacob Sulger, to Miss Maria Egleston, of Southwark.....On the 18th, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Titus Yearkes, of Germantownship, (Phil. C.) to Miss Mary Streaper, of Lower Merion township, (Mont. C.)

Thick fly the shafts of *Death*, on ev'ry side,
The widow'd husband, and the half-made bride,
The daughter, mother, son and father die,
And poor and rich, in dust together lie:
Virtue alone, the striking diff'rence knows,
Between the sinner's and the saint's repose.

DIED.....In this City.....On the 15th inst. Mr. Isaac Austin.

.....At Lancaster, on the 4th, Frederic Augustus Muhlenberg, Receiver General of the land office, in the 51st year of his age.

.....In the borough of Lancaster, on the 6th, after a lingering illness, John Wilkes Kittera, esq. late representative from that county, in the Congress of the United States.

.....At New-York, On the 15th, John Smith, esq. late lieut. col. commandant of the 1st legion in the service of the United States.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

" *An Enigma*," by " *R. W.*" and " *Lavinia*," will appear next week.

" *E.*" is requested to forward an explanation to " *John Radking*," previous to its insertion.

The well-known difficulty of writing even tolerable Latin poetry, renders the originality of " *Flaccus's Ode*," somewhat doubtful.

" *Comma and Dactyle's*" remarks on *C. R.'s* translation of the 23d Ode of the first book of Horace, which appeared in the 20th No. of the Repository, are fully anticipated in the 21st No.—The versification they have given is certainly much better than *C. R.'s*, and, if original, the editor will have no objections to publishing it, disconnected with the remarks—Their animadversions on " *O.'s*" communication in the last Number, is inadmissible.

Several other communications are under consideration.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP's the noblest jewel of the mind,
That Man in his imperfect state can find;
Heav'n in compassion to our suff'rings here,
Crown'd all its blessings with this gift sincere. (came,
When Man all beauteous from his MAKER
And bore his image, and almost his name,
Lord of this world, fair Eden he possest,
And but one anxious wish disturb'd his rest.
Heav'n knew and granted the request he sought, (thought;
And he was blest beyond his sanguine
Another self, more gentle, fair, and kind,
In whom the Virtues and the Loves combin'd,
Met his full view array'd in heav'nly charms,
And sunk with fondness in his circling arms.
Together then they dwelt in harmony,
Love in the soul, and rapture in the eye:
Nor was one feeling, or one tho't conceal'd,
But all in mutual amity reveal'd.
Whatever pain or joy their station knew,
If felt by one, was felt by t'other too.
Thus pain divided lost its poignant smart,
And joy thus doubled fill'd with bliss the heart. (was he,
Such is true friendship, and how wise
Whose observations all in this agree;
*There is a Friend than Brother far more near,**
More lov'd, more cherish'd than a parent dear.
Such is true sacred Friendship, such alone,
Where beings loves and interests join in one.
All earth's enjoyments are enhanc'd to them,
And all her sorrows but a shallow stream.
May then kind fortune hear my ardent pray'r,
And I in such a Friendship ever share:
While EMMA's beauties sweets and goodness prove,
To me a source of extacy and love.

EUGENIUS.

* Proverbs.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MEDITATION ON THE BANKS OF SCHUYLKILL.

WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1799.

HERE roll in lazy pace old Schuylkill's streams, (seems;
Whose spacious bed but just half cover'd
While shoals make visible their sandy beds,
And massy rocks project their craggy heads.
The pleasant mansions on these fruitful banks (thanks;
May justly raise to heav'n their owner's
While variegated hills, and groves of trees,
Delight the eye, and ev'ry fancy please.

Thus clad, old Schuylkill, in thy gay attire, (mire?
Who would not such a rural scene ad-
Who would not wish a habitation here?
Where Nature gambols in romantic cheer.

Where ev'ry object strikes the eye with pleasure, (measure;
Where Fancy ranges wide, and knows no
Where Peace and Harmony reign uncontroul'd,
And Plenty pours her stores a thousand fold.

Here, near thy streams, let me erect my cot,
Hence be thy peaceful vicinage my lot;
Nor longer dwell amidst the noisy croud,
Whose sins to heav'n for vengeance cry aloud.

Here let me angle in the oozing flood,
Thence draw (if Providence permits,) thy fish for food; (plant,
Here let me sow my seeds, my orchards
And from this source supply my every want.

"Man wants but little, nor that little long,"
Thy plenty be the burden of my song:
And while I sing my blessings here below,
I'll lift my heart to HIM from whom they flow.

I'll be content, nor envy others' store,
Al'tho' their cup of blessings should run o'er:
For while I nothing want, what more have they,
Whose thousands in their coffers rusting lay?

What sordid wretch of happiness can boast,
Whose soul to ev'ry gen'rous feeling's lost?
Whose wealth's his happiness, his god, his all; (soul.
Who starves his body, while he damns his

Let me, while heav'n shall grant me life and health,
Enjoy my little,—nor e'er covet wealth;
For riches without use prove but a curse,
And, O! to starve in plenty, what is worse?

Nor is the miser worse than him, whose store,
Is rais'd by fell oppressions of the poor
Who bluntly robs, or artfully keeps back;
The hard earn'd wages which they needs must lack.

Who, while the poor man's wants are unsupplied,
This tyrant wastes, in gluttony and pride,
His untold thousands! nor can tears assail
His harden'd feelings, thro' their flinty vail.
But will JEHOVAH overlook the deed?
Will Justice always sleep, and guilt succeed?
No, blessed truth! it cheers my heart to know
That God takes cognizance of all below.

And when his awful Judgment shall commence,
Just retribution he'll to all dispense;
And tho' his long delay may make us sorry,
Yet, He will surely come, He will not tarry.

R. W.

WHIMSICAL POETICAL CROSS READINGS.

The candles purloin'd last Saturday night—
'Tis shrewdly conjectur'd will all come to light.

A good dose of salts and a gentle potation—
To take out the stains in a spoil'd reputation.

Return'd from their travels to see foreign parts—
Fresh oysters and lobsters transported in carts.

Two hampers of porter, five casks of salt petre—
Set to music by Handel, in excellent metre.

My servant took with him, when he ran away—
Ten acres of woodland, besides corn & hay.

Fine fat and sleek cattle are seen in each street—
In climbing a wall, they lost all their feet.

Restorative balsam, with essence of mustard,
May be had gratis—in exchange for good custard.

To be let, or sold, in a fine situation—
My own dearest jewel—with a lost reputation.

A snow storm, with thunder and lightning, 'tis said—
Fell down the chimney, and roll'd into bed.

Good rock, and Turk's Island salt, may be had—
To keep in his senses, a man who's run mad.

One morning, a cabbage appear'd to my view—
Full three yards and a half—I think it was blue.

In our paper of Monday, we said in great haste— (paste.
A fire broke out, which consum'd all our

A pedlar came travelling by with his pack—
Containing ten white men, a squaw and a black.

The speaker did say, but not in his chair—
You dunces attend to the chaplain at pray'r.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY—EXTRA.

Saturday, June 20, 1801.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS of all kinds received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository, and inserted at as low a rate as in any of the daily papers.

Just Published,

(In two volumes, price 75 cents per vol. neatly printed on a good paper, and handsomely bound and lettered,)

AND FOR SALE BY

JOHN BIOREN, *No.* 88, *Chesnut-Street,* and DAVID HOGAN, *No.* 51, *South Third-Street,*

THE

Girl of the Mountains,

BY MRS. PARSONS.

AUTHOR OF WOMEN AS THEY ARE, &c.

☞ The Dublin edition, now selling in the city at TWO DOLLARS, will be found inferior in paper, printing, and binding, to the Philadelphia edition, at ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS.

EDUCATION.

BRITON ESTILL

WISHES to inform his fellow-citizens, that he has removed his SCHOOL to the Corner of BREAD-STREET and FETTER LANE, (otherwise called Moravian and Watkin's Alley) where he teaches as usual with Sexes.

It would be needless to enlarge on the many advantages which his pupils in their present situation possess, as those who wish to place their children under his tuition, of course will judge for themselves. But it may not be amiss to observe, as ROOM, LIGHT, and AIR, are the well known essential properties of a School Room; that these properties his present situation possesses in an eminent degree.

He wishes further to avail himself of this opportunity of returning his most grateful acknowledgments for the past, pledging himself to those who may still be disposed to honour him with their confidence for the future, that nothing within the limits of his abilities shall be wanting to merit that patronage with which his former attempts have been so distinguishedly marked.

APRIL 25, 1801. 13t.

POWDER

For PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING

The Teeth and Gums.

GOOD TEETH are so obviously necessary for the enjoyment of many of the conveniencies and pleasures of life, contribute so largely to the preservation of that inestimable blessing HEALTH, and so strikingly adorn the countenance, that any discovery which has a tendency to prolong the duration of those that are uninjured, or which arrests others in their progress towards decay, ought to be considered as invaluable, and be made subservient to the comfort and happiness of every individual. More than twenty year's experience throughout Europe, particularly in London and Paris, has proved, that the use of the PARISIAN TOOTH POWDER makes the teeth beautifully white, prevents decay, preserves the gums in health, and the breath pure. It is therefore strongly recommended, as possessing the valuable properties above enumerated.

☞ Sold by appointment, by WILLIAM LERMAN & Co. Druggists, at No. 97, South Second-street, directly opposite the City Tavern—in BOXES, at 50 and 25 cents each.

MEDICINE CHESTS, for Shipping, and private families, with plain and approved directions, are always kept ready at the above place.

MAY 16. tf.

DESORMEAUX's Patent Clarified Liquid

CHINA INK.

IT is a well known fact, that many historical productions in manuscript, are to be found in China, written long before the Art of Printing was known in any part of the world, notwithstanding which their original legibility and colour remain. That the Easterns always use what is called the INDIAN or CHINA INK, (applied with a hair pencil) is a circumstance sufficiently attested, and its remarkable property for retaining a perpetual blackness is well known. The Ink above mentioned, possesses, for Writing, Engrossing, and Sketching Outlines with a Pen, &c. all the properties of the Indian Ink; it is therefore recommended with the utmost confidence to MERCHANTS, BROKERS, & ATTORNEYS, and to all who would have their writing appear, not only beautiful at first, but perpetually continue black and legible.

☞ Sold in BOTTLES, with the signature and seal of the Patentee, by WILLIAM LEHMAN & Co. Druggists, No. 97, South Second-street, directly opposite the City Tavern.

MAY 23.

POSTSCRIPT.

ACCOUNT OF THE

WONDERFUL BOY OF LUBECK.

[From a London Magazine.]

THE admirable Creichton was considered as the wonder of his age; because, when twenty years old, he was master of 12 languages, of all sciences, and of all exercises.

William Crotch was considered as a most extraordinary phænomenon; because at two years of age, he began to play (self-taught) on the organ. But what is all this to the following account of the wonderful learned boy of Lubeck? taken from the author himself, who was his tutor.

"CHRISTIAN Henry Heineken was born at Lubeck, Feb. 6, 1721, and died there, June 27, 1725, after having displayed the most amazing proofs of intellectual talents. He had not completed his first year of life, when he already knew and recited the principal facts contained in the five books of Moses, with a number of verses on the creation. In his 14th month, he knew all the history of the bible; in his 30th month, the history of the nations of antiquity, geography, anatomy, the use of maps, and nearly 8000 Latin words: before the end of his third year, the history of Denmark, and the genealogy of the crowned heads of Europe; in his fourth year, the doctrines of divinity, with their proofs from the bible; ecclesiastical history; the institutions; 200 hymns, with their tunes; 80 psalms; entire chapters of the Old and New Testament; 1500 verses and sentences from ancient Latin classics; almost the whole Orbis Pictus of Comenius, whence he had derived his knowledge of the Latin tongue; arithmetic; the history of the European empire and kingdoms; could point out in the maps whatever place he was asked for, or passed by in his journies, and recite all the ancient and modern historical anecdotes relating to it. His stupendous memory caught and retained every word he was told: his ever-active imagination used, at whatever he saw or heard, instantly to apply, according to the laws of association of ideas, some examples or sentences from the Bible, geography, profane or ecclesiastical history, the Orbis Pictus, or from ancient classics. At the court of Denmark, he delivered twelve speeches without once faultering; and underwent public examinations on a variety of subjects, especially the history of Denmark. He spoke German, Latin, French, and Low Dutch; he was good-natured and well-behaved, but of a most tender and delicate bodily constitution; never ate any solid food, but cheifly subsisted on nurses' milk."

He was celebrated, says this account, all over Europe, under the name of the learned child of Lubeck. He died at the age of four years, four months, twenty days, and twenty one hours, and his death was recorded in a number of periodical papers.